

Vox In Nomine

by Jough

Category: Star Wars

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-21 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-21 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:16:24

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 971

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: ... short little story about losing a friend ...

Vox In Nomine

VOX IN NOMINE

> by Joe Donakowski<br>

><br>Losing a friend hurts. Losing a friend and thinking you could have done something hurts

>even more. Losing a friend and knowing you could have done something, however, is the<br>worst hurt of all.

><br> It was late, nearly midnight, but Bryant promised himself he would finish one last

>drink. He owed it to himself, that was for damn sure. Four days. It had been four days<br>since the incident, but the fact that he made it back alive to Sullust didn't seem to cheer

>him up much. He wanted to be dead. He deserved to be dead. He would have to settle for<br>drunk though, so he poured another mouthful of Correlian whisky down his throat before

>he let his hang hit the table.<br> His eyes were closed, but he still saw them. He always saw them. Commander

>Verner, relaying the retreat order to the squadron. He still heard his last words echoing in<br>his mind, and he stil heard the static that spelt the end of the Commander's life. He

>envisioned him, strapped into his T-65, fingers wrapped tightly around the flight-stick,<br>thumb locked on the trigger sending burst after burst of laser into the Star Destroyers

>bridge shielding. It was futile. An X-wing against a Star Destroyer. Not in a million<br>years. If anyone could take out an STD it was good 'ol Vern, but now... now it seemed

>pointless. The whole campaign seemed pointless. The whole fight seemed pointless. The<br>whole rebellion... no... his whole life, was pointless.

> He closed his eyes tighter and tried to forget, wanting to make it all go away. The<br>pain, the hate, the suffering, but all he got was more pain, more hate, and more suffering.

>Dwelling on it was no help, and all he wanted to do was curl up in

his bunk and wake up  
the next morning dead, or failing that, hung over. He looked into his glass, and saw his reflection in the bottom of the silver tin. Strands of matted black hair tumbled down from  
atop his head. Bloodshot eyes sunken into his tattered sockets. A nose coarse from bleeding and cheeks stained with tears. Bryant laughed. He didn't know why, but he suddenly started laughing, and continued doing so for a few moments before picking up the mug and flinging it across  
the room with all his might. It didn't even come halfway close to travling halfway across the large galley, and it crashed to the ground with a loud echo. It was then he realised he  
was alone. For some reason, that didn't surprise him. There would be minimal staff awake now, it was roughly 0330, and his friends were asleep. Friends? Acquantences maybe, not friends. His only friend was strewn across space several systems from here. He needed to be alone anyways. He didn't know why,  
but he did.

> 4 days and it still hurt. Hurt more then the 18 years at home. The loss left a scar in  
him. Not visable pysically, maybe, but it was there and it would haunt him. It would serve as a reminder, just like all the scars down his leg from his father, and all the scars  
on his back from the streets.

> He wanted to scream. He needed to scream. He couldnt, so he pushed his chair  
back and burried his head in his lap, hands atop his skull simply because there was no where else to put them. He found no relief in the silence, however, and soon stood. To  
the far end of the room were two large doors. He could walk through them, down the long hallways to his room and simply curl up in his bunk. He didn't though. He instead  
cast his vision out wards to space via the transparent wall opposite the doors.

> Blacks, blues, whites, reds, golds, they swirled together like a painting, but Bryant  
noticed none of them. He focused on the void, because in his mind, that was all that was left inside. Seeing nothing else to do, Bryant hung his head. Much to his surprise, his body went limp, and his hands went to the transparent wall. He slowly slid down to the floor  
until his belly touched the cold metal. Taking more effort then usual, he pulled himself up and sat down with his back to the netherness of space. He drew his legs close to him  
and warpped his arms around his knee caps, balling himself up and resting his head atop his legs. He stayed there for a few minutes, eyes closed either deep in thought or in no  
though whatsoever. In time though, he knew he couldnt sit there forever and slowly lifted his head.  
As a last resort for closure, his eyes wandered the mess hall until they stopped at a table. Their table. It was Forn squadrons unofficial hang out, but to Bryant it was even  
more. It was home.

> He found his lips moving. He didn't know what words he used or what they  
meant, but he spoke, his voice barely audible. He talked for a few minutes, words coming more from his heart then form his mouth. He spoke a quiet euology to a fallen friend. A man he had come to think of as his father. He sang a quiet psalm to one of the greats, and he voiced a prayer in the name of a  
man.

> Finally, he got to his feet and leaned up against a diamond table for a moment as  
he stared off into space. He had drunk enoough for

two people tonight, but that was his  
>intention from the start. With a heavy heart, he plodded off to his  
quarters and dreaded<br>waking up tommorow.

End  
file.